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MORS MORTIS.

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MORS MORTIS.

By Wm. Harrison Van Allen.



MORE MORIS.

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MORS MORTIS.

ALL THE SKYE WAS HUNG
WITH GLOOME:
DARKLING LAY THE FIELDS
AROUND,
IN A SHROU'D OF SILENCE
BOUND.

SUDDEN BROKE THE EAST IN BLOOME,
DRAPERIE OF CLOUD WAS DRAWNE,
LO, THE DAUNE!

ALL the Lande was lapt in white:
Euerie beating Pulse was still'd,
Into Icy Numnesse chill'd.
Then a Throb of secret Might
Brought new Life one golden Morne,
Spring was borne!

ALL the Bodie ach'd with Paine:
Not a moment did it knowe
Sweete surcease from searching Woe,
Balme to Hart, nor Rest to Braine.
Then there came Refreshment deepe,
Welcome Sleepe!

ALL the World was dull and grey:
Darke and cold and bitter, Life;
Howres of Stupour, Howres of Strife,
Wearie Day succeeding Day.
Then Thy Self for all suffic'd,
IESUS Christ.

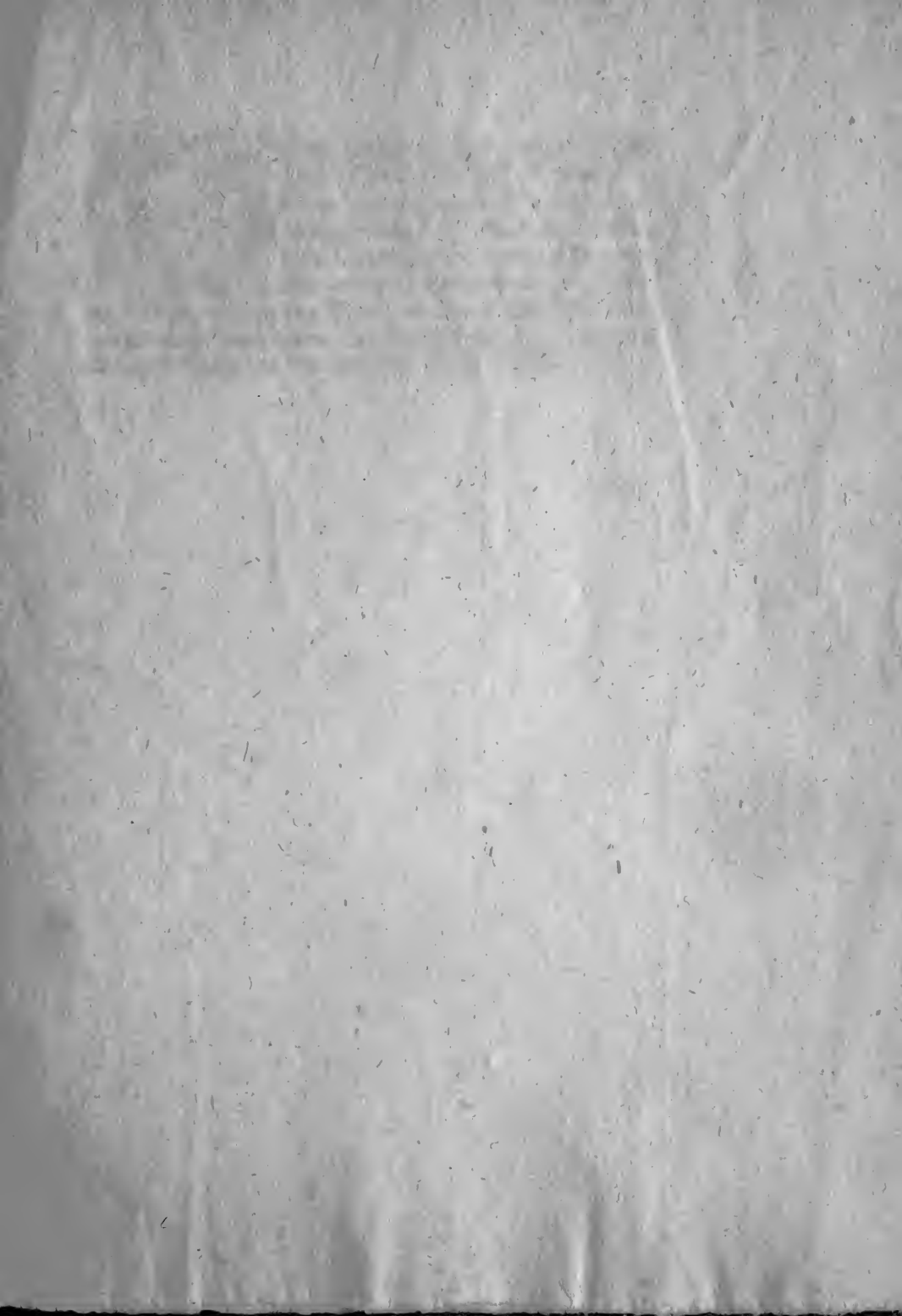
LORDE, our fast hath brought Thy feast!
Thou art risen from the Dead,
Euen as Thyself hadst said,
Conqu'ring King, Reuealer, Priest!
And wee share Thy Life alway,
Easter Day.

FOR Thou giuest to Thine Owne
Bread of Heauen, Royall Wine,
Consecrate by Pow'r Diuine
At Thy holy Altar-Throne.
Whoso feedeth worthily
Shal not dye.

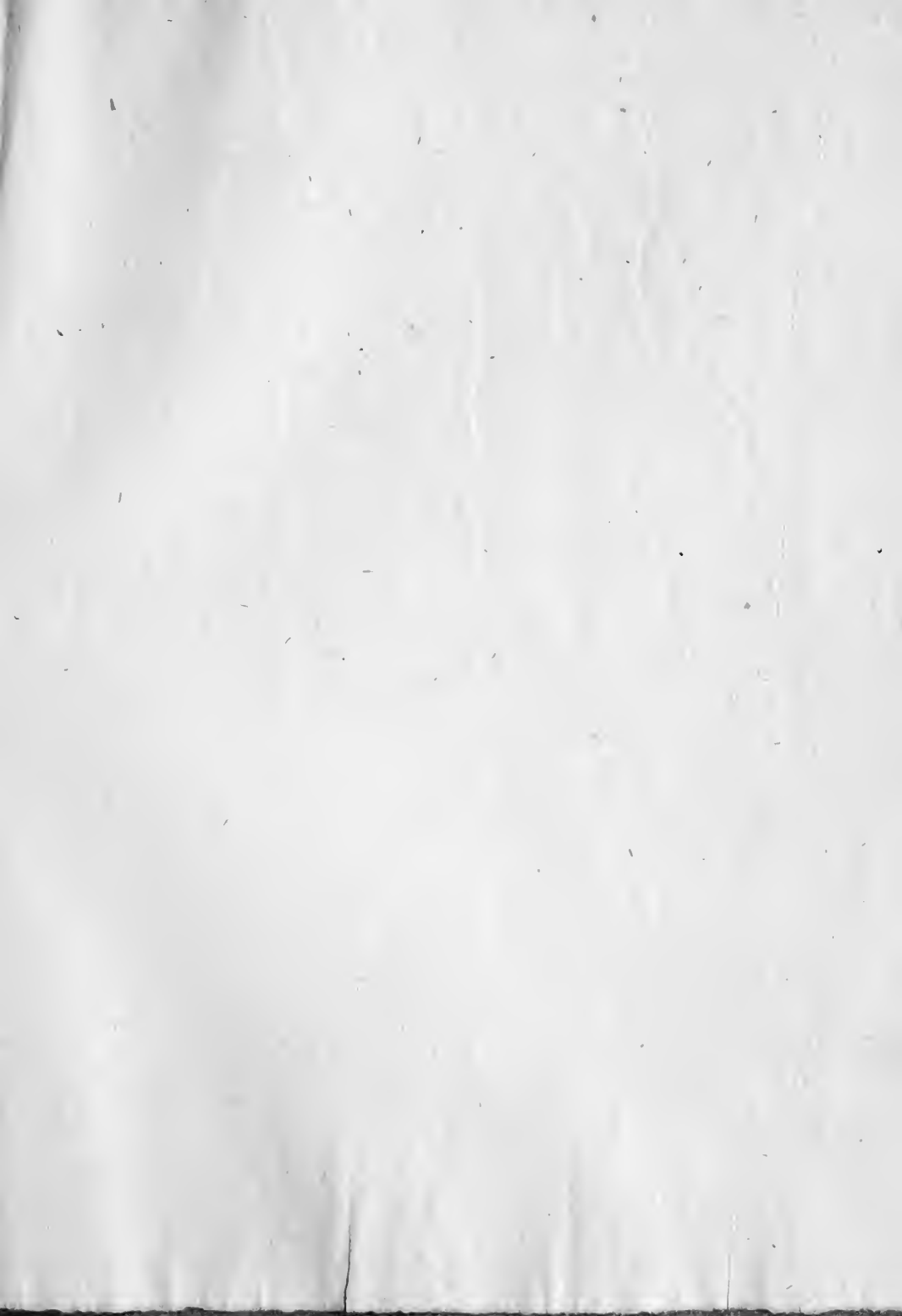
LORDE and GOD, wee worship Thee,
Mighty Sole-Begotten One,
Sonne of GOD yet Marie's Sonne!
Thou That reignest from the Tree,
Graunt to us Thy face to see,
And Thy Presence to adore
Euermore!

THIS Paschal Hymne Of THE
DEATH OF DEATH, made by
Wm. Harrison van Allen, Priest,
& imprinted by Francis Watts
Lee, Gent., at Boston in Massa-
chusetts, to finish on the xiii.
the Year of Our LORDE mil-
lennium, and beares to their friends all loving
Easter Salutations in CHRIST IESUS.

one in CHRIST Jesus.

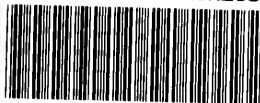








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